

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

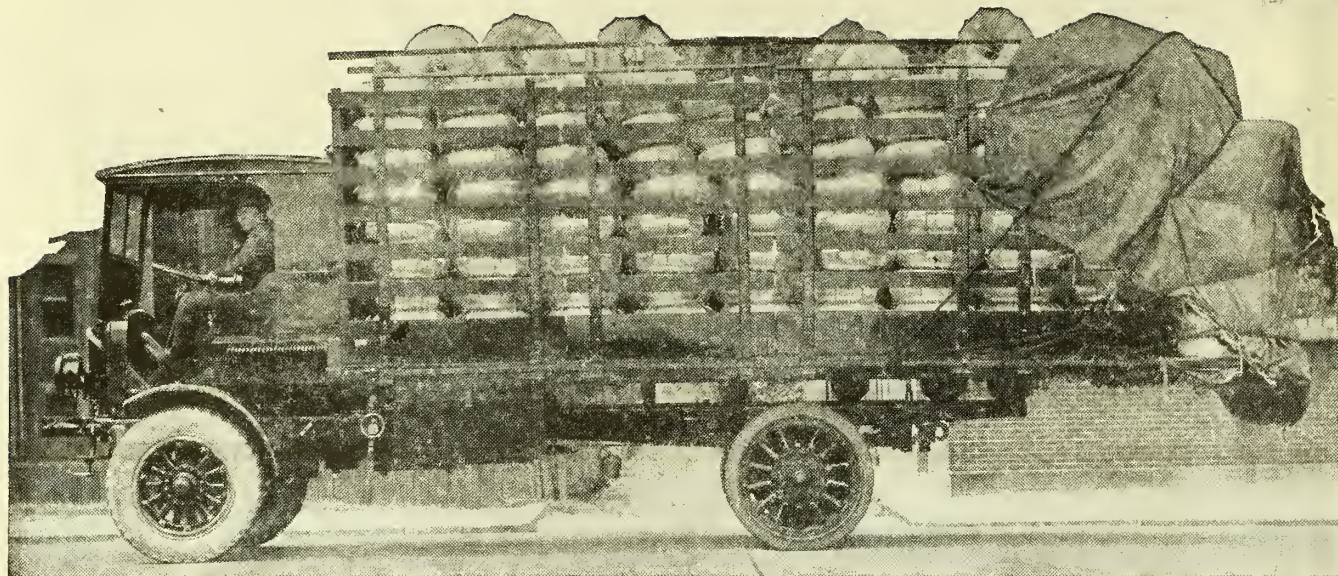
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## Make It Merry Xmas for the Disabled

SEE PAGE 9





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# Autocar

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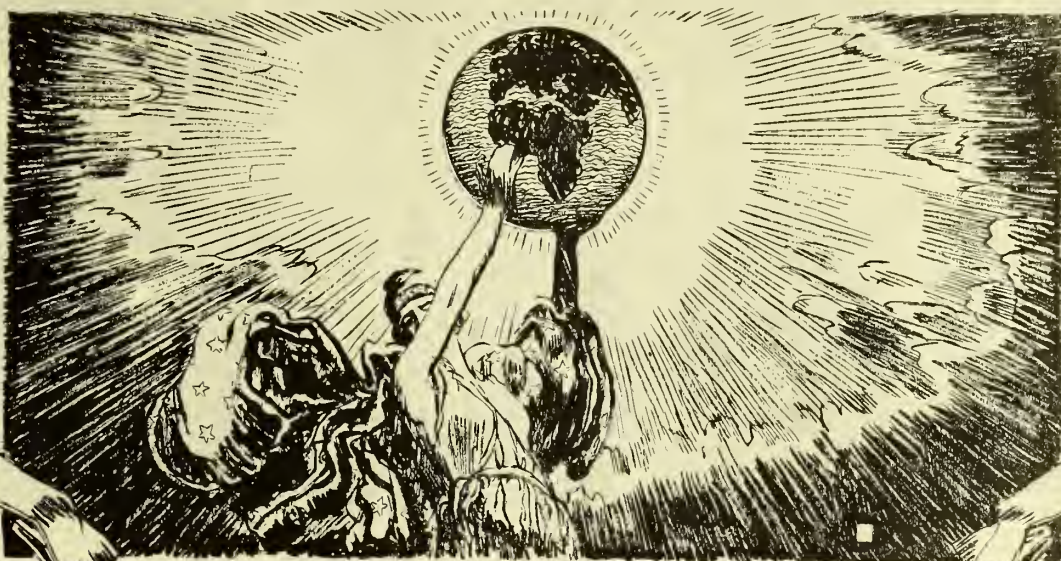
# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

EDITORIAL AND  
BUSINESS  
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DECEMBER 9, 1921

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## America the Pacemaker

By William Slavens McNutt

Decoration by C. B. FALLS

IN the spring of 1917 I stood for hours in a studio window on upper Broadway in New York, my eyes wet with tears of pity, while the most pathetically ludicrous parade imaginable passed along the street.

It was Preparedness Day. We had just declared war against one of the mightiest military powers in the history of the world. The preparedness parade that passed along the street beneath my window was America's gesture of defiance; the country's expression of its will to fight and sacrifice.

Children with hoes or rakes over their shoulders! Women with banners! Unarmed men! Children and women and unarmed men! Thousands and thousands of them went by as the day wore on, all aflame with the will to do and none of them equipped with the skill or the weapons to make accomplishment possible. That was America then. A young, raw, awkward, eager country, new at war and marching with rakes and hoes! Promising to beat down the Kaiser's hordes by digging gardens and planting potatoes!

I thought of the millions of long-trained enemy men on the Western Front; of our desperate new Allies hopefully awaiting our coming, and a nausea of despair overwhelmed me. We could not do it! We could not make an army over-night to sustain the rapidly weakening Allies' line! We were big enough and brave enough but we were raw, green Americans; a nation of big, awkward rookies without arms, and the

most threatening fist we could brandish in the Kaiser's face was a parade of children with rakes or hoes over their shoulders, of women with banners, and of unarmed men!

A few months later I toured the country from coast to coast, visiting National Guard and National Army camps and naval training stations. As I went from one training center to another a radiant conviction grew in me. America was performing a miracle! No less than that! The great, raw, blundering, undisciplined country was using its wealth of strength and spirit to hammer out a shield that would withstand the mightiest blows the Central Powers could strike and forging a sword whose edge would stand the test of combat against the keenest blades of war-trained Europe. The indomitable spirit of pioneer peoples from all the nations of the world, which pioneer effort in America had welded into a new and distinct national character, was rapidly accomplishing the impossible.

I felt the certainty that American possibility of accomplishment could not be measured by European standards; could not, indeed, be measured by any standards of history. For America was a new thing in history; it was a nation in which all the bloods of the white world had been mixed in an environment that permitted a growth of national character free from the stunting tradition of the dead past of the Old World. It was indeed a new world and a new

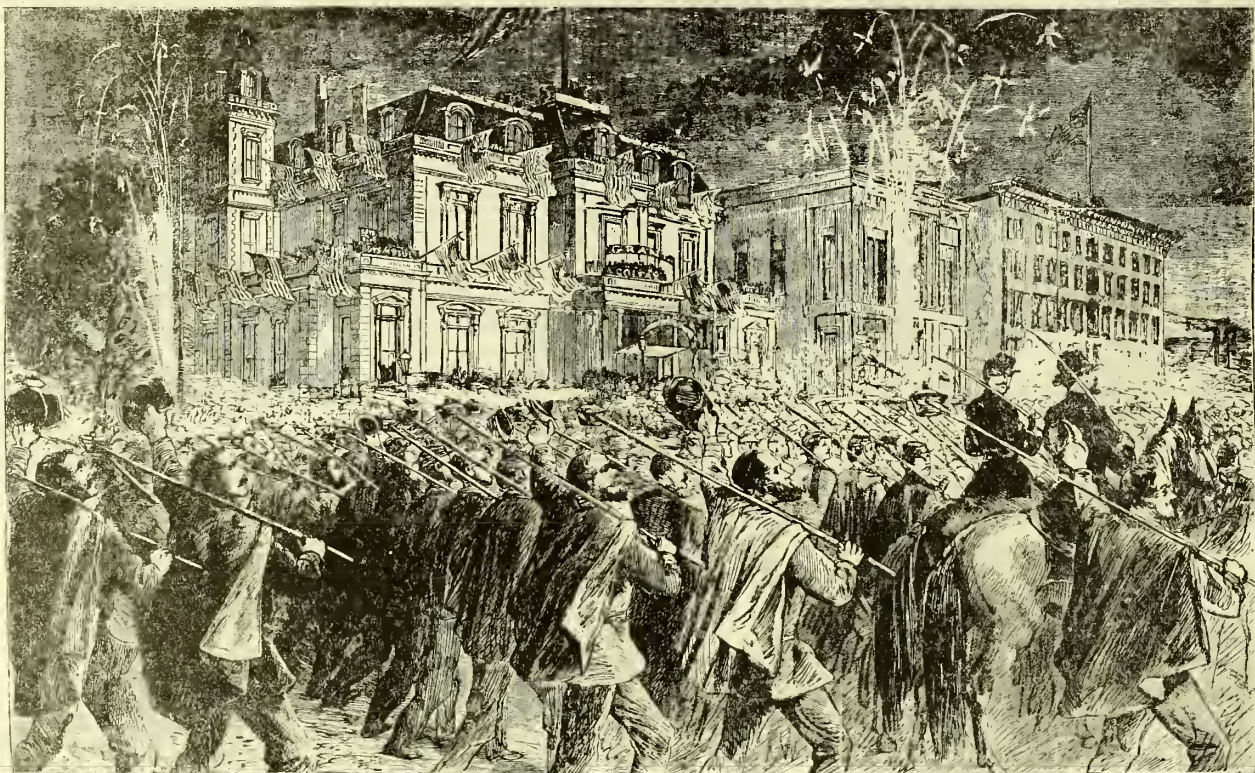
people. And from the people of that new world new things might legitimately be expected.

The testimony of the experts was against the belief that I cherished. They dubiously shook their heads when I voiced my conviction. America was raw. America was untrained. It took years to make an American soldier the equivalent of a European fighting man. It was silly to hark back to our performance in other wars. Modern combat was different and in modern combat we would be at a terrific disadvantage. So ran their argument.

Late in February, 1918, I sailed for France. That spring along the Western Front was nothing for an Allied supporter to cheer about. The Boche, with his reserves from the collapsed Russian front, tore through the British and then tore through the French. For nearly four months I was unable to find a French or British officer who believed that American troops could be used at a live spot in the line before the spring of 1919, even if they arrived in France in sufficient numbers to count. They were green troops. They couldn't do it. A separate American Army was impossible. The Americans would have to be brigaded with the French or British, the Canadians or Australians. If we had the men we didn't have the officers. It was all impossible. Paris was sure to fall. The war was lost. The Americans were too late.

The trouble with them all was that  
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"Grand Procession of the Boys in Blue," at Philadelphia, October 2, 1868, from Harper's Weekly, October 17, 1868

## Pictures Out of the Past

By Charles Phelps Cushing

SOME young fellow with a commendably robust voice was addressing the convention of The American Legion in Kansas City, about a committee report. He boomed his words out over the acreage of the broad arena floor, where a thousand delegates sat grouped around standards that bore labels beginning with Africa and Alabama and running on through the alphabet of forty-eight States and twenty-seven foreign lands down to Venezuela and Wyoming. Perhaps some of his message may even have carried faintly to the last rows of the crowded double balconies of the huge Convention Hall, where more than ten thousand other Legionnaires and their friends had crowded in as enthusiastic spectators.

But down in front at the press tables—this is in the nature of a confession—one of the reporters, who was more intent for the moment upon the sights of the place than its sounds, was missing most of the speech until suddenly his ears caught this curious but deadly-earnest warning:

"Do nothing that has the slightest political complexion! I have spoken not as a citizen, but as a member of The American Legion."

The reporter wondered why, and made a note of the remark, for it struck him there might be a story in the idea. Something in a humorous vein, he fancied, with cartoons by Wally.

The next speaker's voice did not carry

so well, but those who heard it were impressed by the same ring of deadly earnestness—coming now not from a young Legionnaire but from a white-haired veteran of the Civil War, introduced as General Robert W. McBride, of Indianapolis, "representing the Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic."

This old-timer was more at ease than his younger predecessor, and mingled a little humor successfully with his serious admonitions. He spoke our language, and instantly caught and held our attention. As he looked down into our faces, he said he saw us as types of men he used to know as comrades of the campfire. He had soldiered with our like before, more than half a century ago, and our problems of today were his comrades' problems of yesterday. But he did not shy, for his part, at mention of the word citizens.

"I am hopeful of what you may do as citizens. The destiny of the nation depends upon you young men. Together, under wise leadership you can go far in shaping the destinies of our republic. Let nothing arise that can disturb your comradeship. Your comradeship with one another. Yes, and the comradeship of the veterans of the Allied nations."

Why all this emphasis on comradeship, the reporter wondered? Again he pondered—and scribbled a few notes. Might be a story in that, too? Maybe something once had disturbed the com-

radeship of the Grand Army of the Republic? The idea might be worth looking up.

When he first heard those two admonitions—"do nothing that has the slightest political complexion" and "let nothing arise that can disturb your comradeship"—the writer could not pretend to feel much concern in what sounded like two over-emphasized platitudes. He tried to withhold judgment upon them, pending further investigations; but the first sounded excessively prudent, and the second unpromisingly dull—a reminder of the story of the man who boasted to a friend, "I've been married twenty-five years now, and the wife and I have never had a cross word," and was answered with the retort: "Thank God! *our* life ain't been so tame!"

But since then the writer has come to take those admonitions, both of them, almost as seriously as the speakers who delivered them from the convention hall rostrum in Kansas City. For he has spent a number of busy days in the meantime interviewing veterans of the Grand Army and digging into the dusty, yellow-leaved newspapers and magazines of the late sixties and the early seventies in an effort to try to reconstruct some illuminating pictures out of the past. It is a fascinating study, one upon which he could spend a year as easily as he has spent a month. But even this hasty survey makes clear enough the fact that both of these warn-





"Grand Demonstration of the Democracy," New York City, October 5, 1868, from Harper's Weekly, October 17, 1868

## How the Grand Army fell into and climbed out of pitfalls of politics, in order that The American Legion might follow along a safe highway

ings are based solidly upon lessons of experience—lessons which we, like our predecessors, will have to learn through making costly blunders if we cannot profit by example. For history, we learn, likes to repeat itself.

It is curious, for instance, to note that at the time the Grand Army was preparing to hold its third assembly—the meeting which corresponds to our recent convention in Kansas City—the papers were badly crowded for space by two big news stories that were almost the counterparts of two that broke at the beginning of The American Legion convention—an important piece of railway news and an avalanche of advance stuff about a big peace celebration. Where we had to bid for space against the news of the settlement of the threatened railway strike and the heralding of the conference on limitation of armaments in Washington, the Grand Army's meeting in Cincinnati had to contend against the hurrahs over the completion of the Atlantic-Pacific railway and a great to-do about a big Peace Jubilee shortly to be celebrated in Boston.

In the hubbub about these two more spectacular events the solemn deliberations of a handful of young ex-service men in Cincinnati seemed to news editors a matter of small significance, just as our own deliberations of a few weeks ago in Kansas City (the actual business of the meeting, not the parades and noisy demonstrations) seemed of comparatively small significance to the news

editors of 1921. Yet both of these assemblies of veterans pledged themselves at their third conventions to policies of considerable importance.

At the time of the Grand Army gathering in Cincinnati *Harper's Weekly* had an artist and a reporter on the spot, for they covered the story of how six steamboats burned up on the levee the morning that the convention opened. But not a line did this or any other important news weekly of the time give to the Grand Army meeting; and even the daily newspapers accorded the event scant mention. The *New York Herald* found space, however, for a stick or two of telegraphic information, relating merely that the veterans had met, had indulged in some lively debate about the credentials of some of the delegates, had discussed fruitlessly the possibility of a mutual life insurance plan, had passed resolutions "disavowing that any political object pertains to the organization," had elected officers and then had adjourned to a banquet in the Spencer House.

Sounds rather trivial, you think? But wait until you hear more about those resolutions and why they were passed.

The fact is that the Grand Army, by the time of this third annual meeting, found itself involved in such serious difficulties that it seemed about to go to smash. From a big membership in its early days, which had been reported to be as high as 240,000, but which

could only be "estimated" because the records were rather vaguely kept, the organization had been so torn by internal strife that it was swiftly dwindling toward a low mark of 25,000. And in that languishing state it was destined to remain until the late '70's.

Hindsight is so much easier than foresight that we who have profited by the example of our predecessors can only wonder why they let this happen. We congratulate ourselves that we have no need to declare our organization unpartisan in politics. But—we might do well to knock on wood before we boast about it! Our constitution protects us. The Grand Army in the beginning was not so fortunate. Its original declaration of purposes, Article 1, Section 2, Paragraph 5, asserted that the organization stood:

"For the establishment and defense of the late soldiers and sailors of the United States, morally, socially and politically, with a view to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services to the country and to the recognition of such services and claims by the American people."

That unhappy wording allowed a loophole for politicians to crawl into every post and stir up party antagonism, and the stormy administration of Andrew Johnson, which ended in an attempt to impeach the President, heaped no end of fuel upon the fires of controversy. Grand Army posts, every-

(Continued on page 16)



# Precedents for Compensation

By David Frisbie

*George Washington favored a "bonus" and the discrepancy between army and civilian pay has been made good in every war since except the World War*

**O**PPONENTS of The American Legion's plan for the payment of Adjusted Compensation to World War veterans are composed principally of two classes, those who are against compensation because of the increased taxes they imagine they would have to pay, and those who are against compensation on "patriotic principles," embodied in the belief that American veterans would be dishonored if they put a "price on patriotism"—that they would break sacred American traditions if they took cash as a substitute for glory.

This latter group refuses to concede that society today is built upon an economic system which places an overwhelming burden in wartime upon those who actually do the fighting and enables those who remain at their ordinary occupations to obtain extraordinary profits and rewards. They see nothing inconsistent in the fact that it costs the Government to fire one shot from a three-inch gun as much as it costs to finance the private soldier for a full month, and that it costs to fire one shot from a sixteen-inch gun as much as it costs to maintain that soldier for a whole year.

As a matter of fact, the low pay of soldiers in modern war is only a survival of the customs of the Middle Ages, when the common man was expected to produce food for nothing, carry on the industries for nothing and serve as a common soldier for nothing in order to maintain a feudal aristocracy that found its wars pleasant and profitable. In a democracy, founded upon the idea of equality of obligations and burdens, the least society might be expected to do for those of its members it exposes to its most hazardous task is to make their compensation proportionate to that of its members who in wartime remain in undisturbed pursuit of their ordinary vocations.

But the opponent of the adjusted compensation proposal, who will not concede that the nation should give back-pay to the men it employed without sufficient compensation, prefers to talk only of the "price on patriotism." Particularly is he wont to speak of the present proposal as a violation of American military tradition, implying that the World War veterans are grasping and avaricious and are seeking to obtain an advantage which never was given fighters of other wars.

If one considered seriously what these anti-compensation men say, one might imagine that the shade of George Washington, the shade of Abraham Lincoln, the spirits of all those who camped at Valley Forge and at Gettysburg, would be hovering over President Harding to strengthen his purpose not to give further compensation to those who fought in the World War.

But if we examine American history even casually, we learn that the American people have never been niggardly toward those who fought for the nation in any war; that, on the contrary, financial inducements were offered in al-

most every war to offset the financial sacrifices which men incurred by leaving their daily work and putting on the uniform in response to duty's call. Furthermore, in both the Revolutionary War, the Mexican War and the Civil War, soldiers were given special compensation—call it bonus, or bounty, if you will—in advance. Those who stayed behind have always recognized the fairness of equalizing the compensation of those who went to fight their country's battles. A brief study of the country's military history proves this.

The very first financial inducement given American soldiers was offered before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In January, 1776, the Continental Congress offered each recruit for the Continental Army, four dollars, this "for further encouraging the men more cheerfully to enlist in the service of their country."

Later in that same year, 1776, George Washington sent to the Continental Congress a letter telling of some of his earlier difficulties due to the failure to offer men sufficient inducements to leave their families. His letter ended thus:

"I shall therefore take the freedom of giving it as my opinion that a good bounty should be immediately offered, aided by the proffer of at least a hundred or a hundred and fifty acres of land and a suit of clothes and a blanket to each non-commissioned officer and soldier; as I have good authority for saying that however high the men's pay may appear, it is barely sufficient, in the present scarcity and dearthness of all kinds of goods, to keep them in clothes, much less afford support to their families."

Congress, adopting Washington's suggestion, authorized a bounty of \$20 and one hundred acres of land. The following year, delegates of the New England

States recommended that the Continental bounty be supplemented by an additional bounty from each State of \$33.33 for each man of the 88 battalions which had been created. Massachusetts and New Hampshire doubled this extra bounty, making a total of \$86.67 for each recruit from State and Federal sources. In 1778

Congress increased the Continental bounty by \$10 for recruits enlisting for three years, and in 1779 Congress authorized Washington to grant a bounty of not exceeding \$200 to each veteran or recruit who should re-enlist or enlist. A draft law was put into effect at the same time. Concerning this period of the country's military history, a prominent military expert may be quoted. Maj. Gen. Emory Upton, in "The Military Policy of the United States," says:

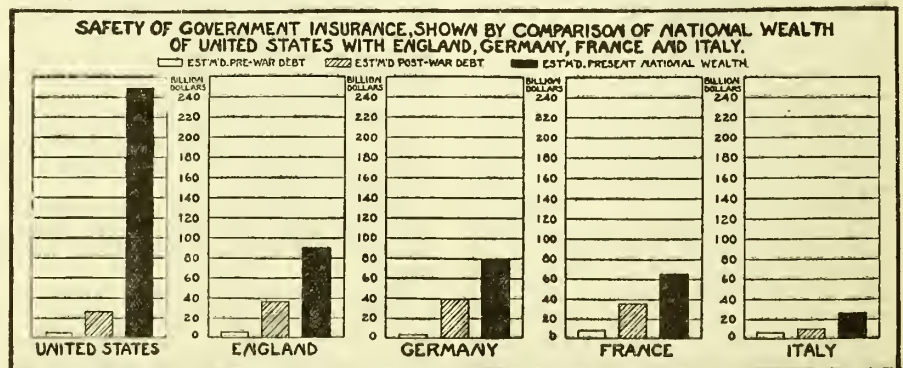
"Large for the time as were the bounties granted by Congress, those offered by the States were still greater. The legislature of New Jersey, to fill the quota for three battalions, offered \$250 to each recruit, in addition to the clothing, land and \$200 allowed by Congress, while the legislature of Virginia on the third of May, 1779, offered to every recruit for the year \$750, a suit of clothes once a year, and 100 acres of land. From this amount the bounty and clothing given by Congress was reserved by the State."

In 1779 Congress, at the request of Washington, allowed \$100 to each soldier who had enlisted early in the war, to equalize his compensation with that of the man who got the larger later bounty. In 1780 New Jersey offered a bounty of \$1,000 in excess of all Continental allowances and bounties.

Not only did the States offer bounties to supplement those given by Congress; individual towns also gave extraordinary inducements to men who enlisted. In "The History of Western Massachusetts," by Josiah Gilbert Holland, it is stated:

"The town of Montague voted in 1781 to give, as a bounty to each soldier who should enlist from the town in the Continental Army for three years, 20

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The diagram shown above, while drawn for the United States Treasury Department for a totally different purpose, reveals better than words the comparative ability of the United States to pay adjusted compensation to its veterans of the World War



# The Who's Who on the New C.-in-C.

By Frank F. Miles of Iowa

**H**ANFORD MACNIDER, National Commander of The American Legion, is a typical Middle Westerner, although he spent most of his time in school in the immediate vicinity of Boston, Mass. Entering Milton Academy at the age of 13 years, a rather timid little farm lad, he managed in due time to pass the entrance examinations for Harvard, and graduated from there, as he says, with no more than the regular accent, no more than the average number of bad habits and, much to his astonishment, a degree. While in the academy and later in the university he participated in about the usual number of activities, playing football on the Harvard freshman team for a time, but was hurt and was forced to give up the game. He was, however, manager of one of the varsity teams and editor of *The Harvard Crimson* before he finished. During one vacation he punched steers on a cattle ship to work his way to Europe and toured over much of the continent on a motorcycle.

After leaving the university, he got a job as bookkeeper in the First National Bank at Mason City, Iowa, his home town, where for four years, to use his own words, he "sat on the tallest stool in the world and after unremitting toil was promoted to the high rank of paying teller."

In 1916 he marched away with the home-town militia company to the Mexican border and served nine months as a lieutenant in the Second Iowa Infantry, with headquarters at Brownsville, Texas. Shortly after he returned from the border, the United States entered the World War and MacNider, with the idea that the Regular Army probably would receive preference in foreign service, went to the first officers' training camp at Fort Snelling, Minn., where, after six weeks, he was commissioned a provisional second lieutenant and ranked No. 1 of all provisionals from that camp. He was assigned to the 36th Infantry and given ten days' leave, then transferred to the Ninth Infantry, Second Division, mobilizing at Syracuse, N. Y. A week after he arrived there he sailed with his regiment for France aboard the U. S. S. *Pocahontas*, née *Kronprinzessin Irene*.

He was in command of a platoon of sixty-odd men, seven of whom spoke English and were accordingly non-commissioned officers. Billeted with his battalion in the Bourmont Training Area, he was assigned to the First Corps School that was then just forming at Gondrecourt, where he waded around through the mud while the first few Adrian barracks were being erected. He was rated from there as an army

school instructor and assigned to the Army Candidates' School at Langres, where, he declares, his job was to make little second lieutenants out of big sergeants.

Commander MacNider's proudest

Failing to get permission to return to his regiment which was then in the line and fearing his comrades would be telling him of experiences fighting while he was in the rear for the rest of his life, Commander MacNider visited the commandant's office so many times, that that gentleman finally told him to "Get out and never show up around here again!" With these orders, and no other, he rejoined his regiment the day before the march began along the Paris-Metz road to block the Boche who was then just west of Château-Thierry.

From that time on, Commander MacNider's experiences were those of the average man in the Second Division, although, as he says, he was "only a dog-gone adjutant most of the time and usually behind the thickest wall in the sector while the bucks were out in front taking the stuff the Huns hurled their way." He was promoted, he insists, by a combination of happy circumstances and the heavy loss of lives in the officer personnel, reaching Germany as a major of infantry, where he was made adjutant to Major General John A. Lejeune of the Marine Corps. Later he received a delayed promotion to lieutenant colonel for which he was recommended before the Armistice. He returned home a first lieutenant, provisional, and a lieutenant colonel, temporary. Resigning, he was elected commander of the Clausen-Worden Post, No. 101, at Mason City, after vainly appealing to the charter members to elect an enlisted man, on the theory that the bucks were tired of being asked to do things by officers.

Commander MacNider believes that a thing that contributed greatly to the phenomenal growth and wonderful spirit of the post was the nominating speech for him by a gigantic expatriate. It ran something like this:

"I don't know this guy (MacNider), but the fellow on the other side of me said he was

brung up here and he's all right. What I want to know is, where he gets this officer and enlisted men stuff. I thought this here Legion didn't pay any attention to that. What I'm here to say is that we bucks did all the work during the war; let's let some of these d—d officers do some of it now. I move this guy's election by acclamation."

And "this guy," MacNider, has been intensely interested in The American Legion ever since. Clausen-Worden post has 1,100 members. The population of Mason City is 20,000. He was elected vice commander of the Iowa Department in 1919, and in 1920 was made department commander by unanimous vote. As commander, he led his State to the front of all the States in

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(c) Benjamin Grey

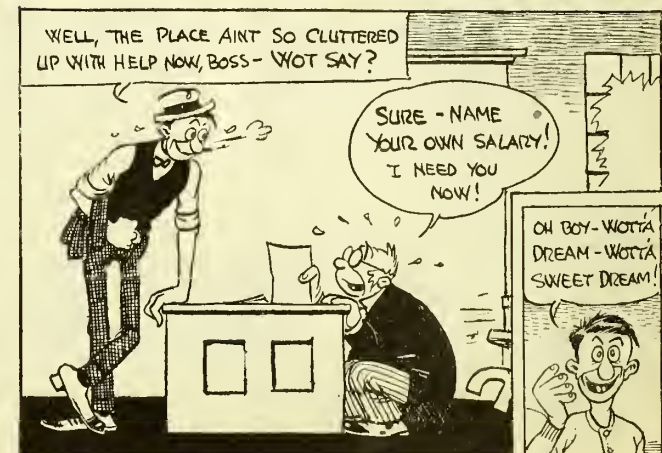
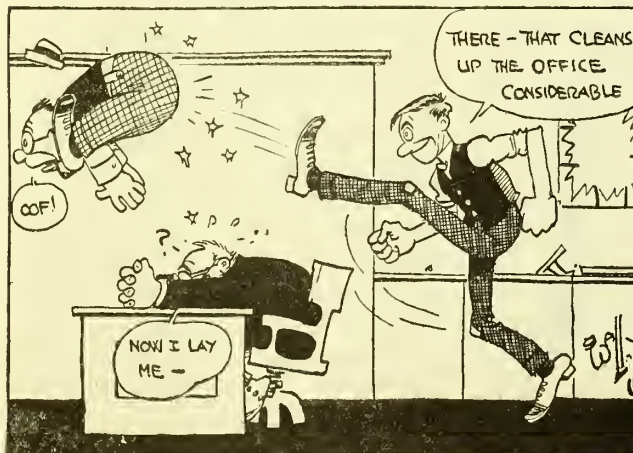
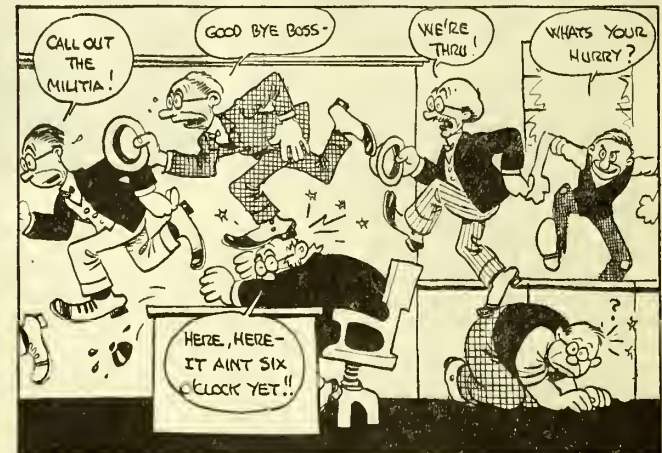
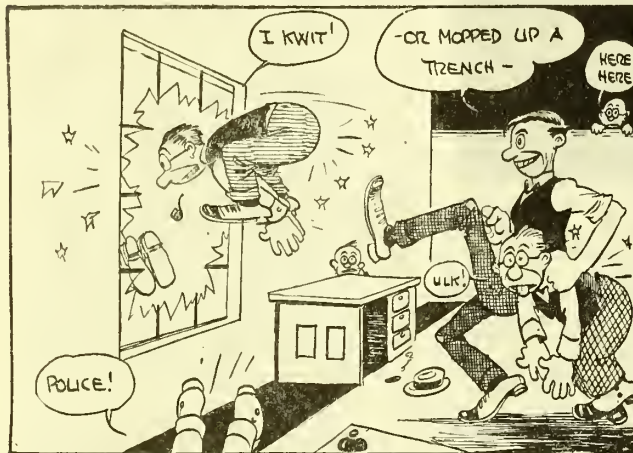
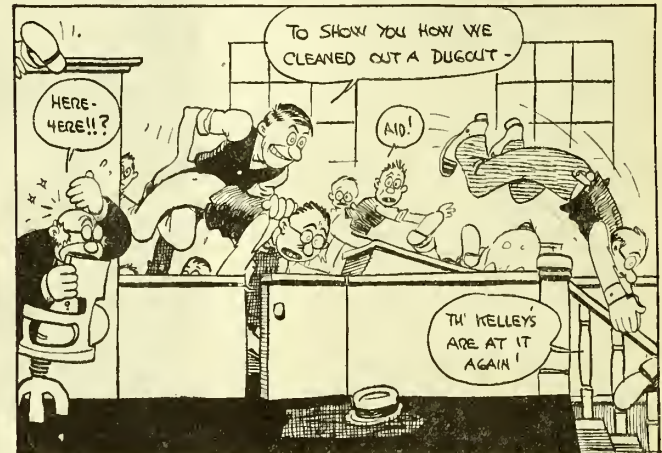
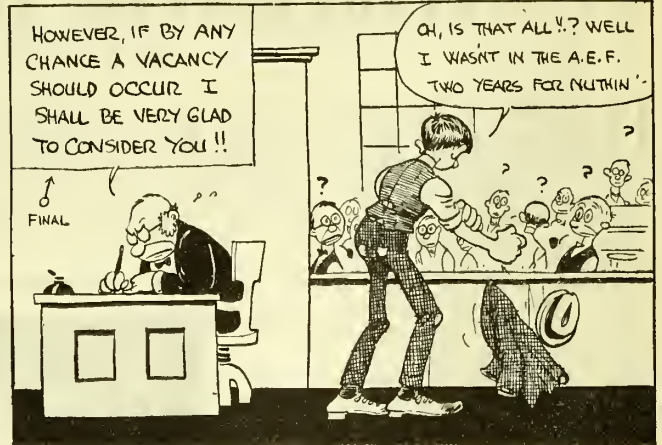
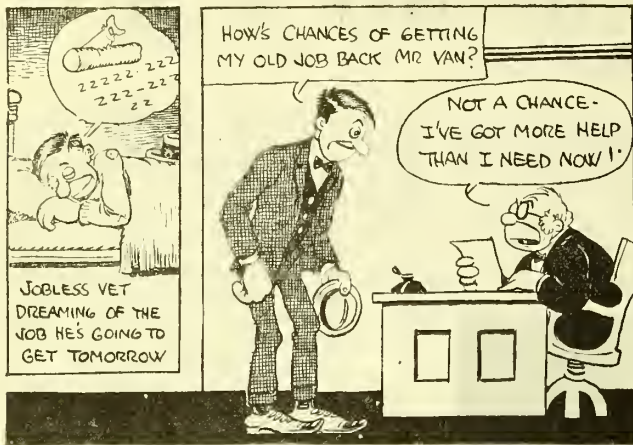
This photograph of National Commander MacNider was taken exclusively for The American Legion Weekly by Benjamin Grey, first graduate in photography of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Mr. Grey, since completing his government course, has made photo portraits of President Harding, Vice-President Coolidge and all the members of the Cabinet.

recollection of the service is the splendid platoon of old timers who, he gladly admits, told him all he knows about soldiering, and because of their efficiency and ability to demonstrate what able second lieutenants they could be, not only taught him how to soldier but were picked as the demonstrating platoon for the General Staff and developed the formations which later made up the red covered bible of all platoons of the A. E. F. The story of the last night before some of these men were commissioned and others sent back to their outfits as bucks, when MacNider threw off his Sam Brown belt and threatened to whip anybody in the house who called him anything else than "Mac," is one of the most interesting of that side of the war.



# The Jobless Veteran's Dream

By Wallgren





# Keeping Step with the Legion

## Christmas Cheer for All

IT was a conspicuous precedent which The American Legion set for itself last year in making Christmas a merry one for the disabled ex-service men in hospitals. It is one of the Legion's most noteworthy accomplishments to date. There were Christmas dinners, Christmas entertainments, Christmas trees and Christmas cheer. To practically every man then confined in a public hospital the message was carried that the friendship formed in the service is a real one.

This year the Legion is going to duplicate its accomplishment—and more. After the observance last year posts in many communities realized that, while they had cared adequately for the men actually in hospitals they had neglected, to a greater or less degree, others who were no less in need of attention, disabled men and their dependents outside of the hospitals. Many posts early announced their plans for an observance this year which would include all disabled and their dependents in and out of hospitals and, to be certain that the idea would gain general adoption, National Commander MacNider several weeks ago addressed a letter to all department commanders. The suggestions from National Headquarters will already have been fitted into departmental programs and forwarded to posts when this is read, but for the interest of all members, the substance of the letter on the subject is presented here.

\* \* \* \*

EVERY post has in its community, in or out of hospitals, disabled veterans and the dependents of disabled veterans who are having a hard time of it on the money they are getting from the Government—if they get any. The identity and whereabouts of others can be determined from the membership at meetings, from the Red Cross, local medical organizations, city or county officials, and, if necessary, by house-to-house canvasses by Legion committees. Posts should see to it that all disabled men and their dependents are visited Christmas Day by Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary and, if possible, see that some form of material Christmas cheer arrives as a present.

This is not a charity affair—it is the Christmas thought of one ex-service man to another who would expect his buddy to remember him if the positions were reversed. It should not matter whether the lad is a Legion man or not—it is a Christmas greeting between ex-service men. Any individual who wants to assist should be allowed to do so, but only through the Legion or the Auxiliary. This is a Legion obligation

and a Legion privilege and the contact should be entirely Legion.

Not only should this work be a real satisfaction to the men who do it (and if the whole post co-operates it will make Christmas mean more to every member), but it should furnish the Legion with valuable data to help fight the battles of the disabled. If striking cases of neglect of these men and their families are disclosed the post can do valuable work in clearing up the government claims involved and in gaining

partment as you see fit. If National Headquarters can help, holler.

\* \* \* \*

EARLY advices from practically every Legion department showed that they were at work, that this Christmas observance would go over with a bang. Many departments, following a plan which proved successful last year, are giving help to posts and Auxiliary units near large hospitals where otherwise the burden would be exceptionally heavy and are asking other posts with lesser problems to assist in various ways. Here is just one example of planning, an excerpt from a letter from Fred W. Graham, Service Officer of South Carolina, which happens to be at hand.

"In my home town we have 1,000 disabled veterans. In a number of instances the men's wives and children have absolutely nothing to live on but the money the Red Cross gives them each month. We are making up a list of the disabled men's families from the hospitals, Red Cross and Legion files. We intend to quietly ask certain individual families who are in good circumstances to invite these disabled men's families for Christmas dinner. It is our idea that people who take an interest in such families at Christmas time will not stop there. We have big-hearted people in America and it is likely that, without being asked to, they will continue their interest throughout the year."

"... To consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness." Let every Legion member feel responsible for the success of our Christmas plan. There are thirty thousand men in hospitals and several times that many disabled outside. There is work for all.

## Wanted: Live Officers

THIS is the season of annual meetings and elections. It is a constitutional provision in several departments that posts shall elect their officers at an annual meeting in December or Jan-

ary and it is a custom so general in other departments that it is safe to say that most posts, perhaps sixty or seventy percent, will change their officers this month or next.

Regarding the selection of new officers there is just one piece of advice—it's simple and obvious but tremendously important:

**ELECT GOOD OFFICERS!**

It can't be shouted too loud, nor taken too seriously.

The difference between a live post and a dead one is its officers.

A gratifyingly large number of posts  
(Continued on page 22)

## Legion Calendar

### Christmas

Thirty thousand buddies still in hospitals. Many times that number of disabled and their dependents outside hospitals. We are going to remember every one of them. Read outline of plan on this page.

### Unemployment

The holiday season is making lots of new jobs. Let's do our best to help unemployed ex-service men get them.

### Clean-Up Campaign

A good way for any post to start the new year right is to see that no disabled man in its territory has an unsettled claim against the Government.

### Post Elections

Elect your post officers with the same care you would exercise personally in choosing a doctor or a lawyer. They represent you. Their judgment will affect you in many ways in 1922.

### Dues

Is your post all set to send in its remittances for the national per capita assessment of \$1 for each member? Time's short.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE

One hundred thousand copies of the booklet prepared by the National Legislative Committee, "A History of the Adjusted Compensation Legislation," have been sent to the various department headquarters. This booklet was prepared for the information and convenience of every Legionnaire. It is a thorough compilation of facts pertinent to the Adjusted Compensation Bill and the Legion's fight for its passage, and an indispensable reference in providing arguments to convince the unconvinced. If your post has not received its allotment or if it wants additional copies, requisition them from your department adjutant.

proper care for men and dependents in need. All effective cases would be written up and forwarded through department headquarters as well as data on the number of cases handled and the best methods of caring for them.

Tear into this with everything you've got. The newspapers will feature this Legion Christmas plan; it's good copy. Bulletins, speakers, public meetings—everything that can help, and with the whole membership on the job, if necessary, to make it a one hundred percent Christmas for the disabled buddies. These men deserve all the happiness we can give them. Handle it in your de-



# EDITORIAL



The stability of this Government and the unity of this nation depend solely on the cordial support and earnest loyalty of the people.—*Ulysses Simpson Grant.*

## The Just Alternative

IN this issue of The American Legion Weekly is told the story of the land bounties which were available to practically every American who fought in the Revolutionary War. In the last issue of this magazine, in an article on the failure of Congress to adopt a land settlement policy for the veterans of the World War, John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, stated that since the War of 1812, 64,000,000 acres of government land have been given to American veterans. But World War veterans have been ignored.

When will the mockery, which Congressional delay is making of the hopes of several hundred thousand land-starved World War veterans, end?

Mr. Taylor's article last week related that almost all of the 200,000,000 acres of public land now available for settlement is unsuited for practical farming. Therein lies the tragedy of the hopes of World War ex-service men who wish to establish themselves on the land for life, as soldiers of every other American war have done before them. The whole truth is that the supply of free government land that would afford a livelihood to the settler has now been exhausted and the possibilities of making settlement lands now available through reclamation projects are insignificant.

These are facts which emphasize the enormity of Congress's neglect in refusing to pass early the Legion's five-fold adjusted compensation bill, in order that the millions of American veterans might have a fair opportunity to rehabilitate themselves with some measure of help from the Government. This Legion compensation bill contains among its five provisions one that would establish reclamation projects and enable veterans to obtain farms by long term government loans. This provision should be enacted into law at the very earliest moment, preferably by the passage of the compensation bill, but, if necessary, as a separate measure.

But always must we remember this one outstanding fact: The Legion's compensation bill with its five provisions is designed to give to World War veterans a measure of the help which veterans of other wars obtained in the earlier days of this nation when it seemed that our supply of vacant government lands was limitless. The veterans of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 developed the westward-spreading East. The veterans of the Civil War developed the great West. Now, the veterans of the World War find themselves deprived of the hope of land in a period whose economic conditions are bitterly testing their faith in the country for which they fought.

The only way Congress can give to World War veterans the help which this nation gave to its veterans of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War and the Spanish War is to pass the Legion's adjusted compensation bill now.

## Discrediting the Amnesty

GENERAL amnesty for war criminals—alias political prisoners—has become a howling and weeping point for mawkish sentimentalists, parlor Bolsheviks and professional agitators. Propaganda for a legal kind of general jail delivery to include Debs, Gale, et al., reached its climax when a small group of Congressional Medal of Honor men presented President Harding with a petition calling for an amnesty in the name of World War soldiers.

Certainly here was a point for the sentimentalists to weep over. The men who fought the war wanted Debs pardoned for his crime. The soldiers, who had given all to fight for

their country, harbored no desire to punish, after the fact, the men who tried to knife them behind their backs. The soldiers forgave, why shouldn't the whole nation?

One very good reason against national forgiveness lies in the fact that at least one of the decorated men has repudiated his stand with the others for amnesty. Marine Private John J. Kelly puts his case as follows, according to a statement forwarded by his brother, Michael A. Kelly to The American Legion Weekly.

When I was asked to sign the petition for the release of the political prisoners, I was told that one man in Wisconsin was being wrongfully held prisoner, and he happened to be an ex-soldier. I thought the other ex-soldiers who had signed had investigated and knew all about it, and I am convinced that an attempt was made to use me, or rather the fact that I was a Medal of Honor man, as a cat's-paw to pull a mess of socialistic chestnuts out of the fire.

Kelly was one of a group of four who signed the petition. He was one of a group of six photographed in front of the White House. The picture of these six was sent broadcast over the country as that of Medal of Honor men who advocated an amnesty. Yet another of the latter group, Sam Dreben of Texas (holder of the Distinguished Service Cross and the French Medaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre, but not the Medal of Honor), has most emphatically denied statements that he advocates an amnesty, and has threatened to institute legal proceedings against the persons responsible for identifying him with the petitioners.

Here are two men who have repudiated the request to the President—two men out of six widely heralded as strong advocates of the amnesty. The proportion is sufficient to conclusively discredit the move.

## A. L.—?

FEW persons take the time to say "Grand Army of the Republic." Some say "Grand Army," but most abbreviate it still further to the irreducible minimum of G.A.R. Will The American Legion ever become popularly known as the A.L., regardless of whatever success the proposal to make "Hello, Al" a Legion greeting may meet with?

Perhaps it will, a generation hence, but we have our doubts. "G.A.R." has a fine open-vowelled sonorousness that "A.L." lacks. There is, too, a rhythm in the group of three initials which is missing when they become two. Such familiar alphabetic triplets as A.E.F., R.F.D., G.H.Q., G.O.P., F.O.B., C.O.D., even P.D.Q., would doubtless lose much of their appeal if one letter were lopped off each of them.

Another indication that A.L. will not be adopted is the fact that the British Legion has not yet come to be known in its own country as the B.L. Now the British are notorious initial addicts; during the war a couple of Tommies could carry on a conversation made up almost exclusively of capital letters. Back in England civilians came to know D.O.R.A. as a personification of all the discomforts which an island population has to put up with in order to help win a war, and to this day there are Englishmen who conceive Dora not as the Defense of the Realm Act, but as a mail-fisted Amazon who took all the sugar and put out most of the lights.

The French, on the other hand, are already employing initials to represent their own veteran societies; in fact, the societies are themselves fostering the plan. The Union Nationale des Combattants, for example, is everywhere known as the U.N.C.—just as la République Française is universally monogrammed "R.F.," as any Yank who ever parked his rifle in front of a hôtel de ville knows.

Everything points, however, to The American Legion's continuing to be called by its own name. "Grand Army of the Republic" and "Union Nationale des Combattants" are too long to trip easily off the tongue. "The American Legion" is not. Neither is "the Legion." And "the Legion" it will be, we hazard, until taps is blown over the grave of the last American World War veteran.



"The Soldier's Bonus—Writer Calls It Dangerous and Un-American," says a headline over a letter to the editor printed in an Eastern newspaper. It's just a step now to calling it pro-German.



# THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

## Who Started Them?

*To the Editor:* Does any Legionnaire know where the phrase "I'll tell the world" originated? I'm afraid they'll have to go back farther than the war, because some private investigations which I have been conducting into the origin of army expressions have taken me back in some cases more than a century.

"Out of luck," for instance, I used to think was a World War expression. But in reading Arthur Young's "Travels in France"—and Young did his A. E. F.-ing in 1789, just before the French Revolution—I found that he expected to find some mail awaiting him at Dijon, of all places; but was "out of luck," as he says.

"Doughboy," too, I have traced back as far as General Custer, who wrote his wife, after a dusty cavalry march, "We were glad we were not doughboys," but I have looked through considerable Civil War literature in vain for the word.

If any readers can supply previous instances of these or any other well-known service terms, citing if possible the exact book or periodical they take them from so as to establish the date, I think they will give us some mighty interesting information. Anyway, I'd be glad for assistance on "I'll tell the world."—HENRY DWIGHT, *Yonkers, N. Y.*

## Paging the Lieutenant

*To the Editor:* Lieutenant M. in his article on "Army Life These Days" says in part: "In all the Army at the present time so far as I know there is not a single Y.M.C.A. A few Red Cross agents operate on a small scale."

Please page Lieutenant M.! And tell him that in this "Army Without a Kick" there are scores of Y.M.C.A. huts and free entertainments. We have a live-wire Red Cross section, here, and some very much alive Sallies here today. But, beg your pardon, we are not Regular Army here. We are, if you would believe what the publications from the States say, "Lotus Eaters on the Rhine" and "Millionaire Soldiers of Uncle Sam."

Well, it's all the same dope. Rate today is 200 marks to the dollar, and there is still a good glass of Pilsener for two marks. And that ain't all. In this branch of the Army (Lieutenant M. please take notice), we have a post of The American Legion and a World War Veteran Club. And a few clubs reserved for Field Clerks, etc.—H. W. LORR, *Office of the Surgeon, A.P.O. 927, A.F.G.*

## The Letter or the Spirit?

*To the Editor:* Apparently Marshal Foch on his tour of this country as the Legion's guest had as his motto: "When in Rome, do as the Romans don't." Anyway, there were various ways of interpreting the announcement he made before he landed from his ship that he intended to obey all our prohibition laws while in this country. When I read that, I thought of the old story about the clubman who was telling a friend what a fine night he had just spent. He ended by saying: "But a sober man came in and nearly spoiled everything."

From all I have read, Marshal Foch really did obey the letter and spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment while on his tour. It may not have been very hard for him, because it is said that he drinks very little while at home, but the point I want to emphasize is this: Marshal Foch really stood for law and order. A whole lot of the rest of us, who have to spend 365 days a year in this country, also believe that we stand for law and order—usually. The number of stills to the acre, the per capita sale of hip pocket flasks and the opulence of the generality of bootleggers

prove that we don't let our respect for law keep us thirsty. This is true of a good many of the Congressmen who voted to make the country dry and it is true of quite a few millions of us who believe in our hearts that it is a good thing that it is dry—even though we make the reservation while lapping up some white mule that set us back \$10 for a pint.

I always hesitate to set myself up as a moral preceptor. I can't do it before my friends who know me. But I have been puzzling the issue over and I have about concluded that it would be better all round if prohibition were not treated as a joke. I may be old-fashioned and have a Puritan's conscience, but I confess that I have twinges of that conscience when I deliberately break the law and reflect that thousands of other persons are also breaking the law and that breaking the law is becoming fashionable. I think it would be a good thing if the Legion let it be known that it stands for law and order on the liquor question the same as on other questions. This conclusion isn't the result of a hangover, either.—H. L. P., *Atlantic City, N. J.*

## The Forecast from Ohio

*To the Editor:* The Ohio compensation election result calls attention again to the fact that the final appeal on Federal Adjusted Compensation is to the American people. The American Legion is committed to the policy of political neutrality, but there are certain forces in political affairs that are like the tidal influence of the moon. They are not controlled by individuals or organizations. While the people of the various States, one after another, are clearly expressing their will on the question of compensation, Congress still holds the Federal Adjusted Compensation Bill in cold storage. The lesson of the three-to-one majority for compensation in Ohio should be unmistakable to Congress. Any just cause that is not settled right in Congress is settled eventually at the ballot box.—J. V. B., *Kansas City, Mo.*

## Those A. E. F. Executions

*To the Editor:* I see by what Mr. Dooley calls the pa-pers that Senator Tom Watson of Georgia thinks a lot of us over in the A. E. F. were hanged, drawn, quartered, and dragged downhill in nail-lined barrels by horses going four different ways, if you get what I mean. He says he wants evidence to the contrary. Well, here's some:

The only non-Boche-inflicted casualty in my outfit was a corporal who swallowed some coffee which a dizzy K. P. had held a lantern over, letting a couple of drops of kerosene fall into it. The corporal didn't feel like eating for a week and washed his mouth out with commissary soap, just as he'd once had done to him when he said naughty things.

Of the men who went to war from my town, not one was shot at sunrise or any other time for wearing boots at reveille. This is a shameful record, and I hate to publish it, but as Senator Watson wants the truth I am willing to make the sacrifice.

Of the eight members of my squad, of which I never attained the front rank, seven escaped the war unhanged. The eighth rests in an honorable grave on the slopes below the village of Romagne. He died of a machine-gun wound in the face of the enemy—not, Senator Watson, of a taut rope in the presence of a lot of gawking lieutenant-colonels (I don't suppose they'd let the privates in on a thing like that).

But there's one thing they would have let us see all these company punishment executions Senator Watson tells about,

but don't you suppose the underground wireless of soldiery would have spread the news around? If there had been any promiscuous hangings, don't you suppose they would have shown up every time a G. I. canful of rumors was emptied? The only hanging I ever heard about was given wide and official notice, apparently as a matter of discipline. It happened in one of the base ports, and every man in that base section had to stand at attention for 15 minutes while it was going on, I was told. Personally, I think that a pretty ineffective way of helping along morale, but whatever the big idea was, it was certainly the opposite of suppression. I think the Senator has got off on the wrong foot—or else strayed into the wrong army.—W. S., *Scranton, Pa.*

## Our Canadian Buddies

*To the Editor:* In a recent issue I read with pleasure the report of the National Adjutant on his visit to Canada. I served for two years with the Canadian Field Artillery, joining a few weeks before America came into the war. The Canadians are really like ourselves and there was always a friendly spirit between the two armies. It was more a case of brother to brother than ally to ally.

Back in the "Great Smoke" (London) the Canadian buddies would spend almost as much time in the Eagle Hut as they did in their own Beaver Hut. That was the noticeable thing—the way the Canadians, Aussies and our own fellows hung out together. We appreciated the fighting qualities of the Tommy and Poilu but we couldn't mix with them the same way.

You have hit the right note in saying that we must not forget our old friendships of the war. What does the uniform matter as long as it was against the Hun? —DAN R. CONNING, *Golden Gate Post, San Francisco.*

## Another Boost for Dad

*To the Editor:* The suggestion in the Voice of the Legion by Mr. Hoover was all to the mustard. I mean the appeal to take Dad into our ranks and show him our appreciation and respect, instead of treating him as an outcast after he has forked out to us the way he has. He's the same old bird who carried in the wood and coal for Ma while we were gone (without half the kicking we did) and now we shut the door on him.

Still, he bobs up smiling like the good fellow he is and buys two or three of our chautauqua and dance tickets when he knows he won't use one. You mark time a minute, Mr. Hoover, for I'm with you strong. Now, some of you other blokes kick through with a lungful and offer some suggestions to bring Dad in, not only his pocketbook.—T. A. SLITER, *Clarence F. Barry Post, Grey Eagle, Minn.*

## Veterans as Mail Guards

*To the Editor:* A while ago I was laid off from my work in Kansas City, Mo., on account of slack business. On November 10 I was detailed as a guard on a mail train. This was the first work I was able to obtain since I lost my other position. I had a wife and baby to support and I was up against a stone wall when I obtained this job. I was very thankful to get such a job as were many other ex-service men who were out of work and had families.

Now they have replaced us with the Marines, who are well taken care of while most of us with families are living from hand to mouth. I think the ex-soldiers and doughboys can shoot and fight and guard the United States mails as well as any Marines that ever walked in shoe leather. Can't the ex-soldiers be kept on as guards?—F. M. N., *Parsons, Kans.*



# BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

## Ol' R. E. Morse

When I was feedin' fodder  
To a mule in Tennessee  
A feller come an' told me,  
"You're a brilliant man to be  
A-feedin' this here fodder  
To a mule in Tennessee."

An' when I thought about it  
I seen a open road,  
An' stopped and wondered whither  
This here road might of goed,  
A-leadin' from the mountain  
An' the only place I knowed.

An' though I made a bundle  
Of all there was to me,  
I've often thought how happy  
I certainly would be  
Back there a-feedin' fodder  
To that mule in Tennessee.  
—John Palmer Cumming.

## Transposing the Terms

A Western jury had been called upon to decide a dispute over the ownership of some cattle which the defendant had been accused of stealing. It soon became apparent to all that he was innocent, and the jury was out but a few minutes.

"Judge," replied the foreman to the usual question from the court, "we find the plaintiff guilty."

"This court is trying the defendant, not the plaintiff," interposed the judge. There was a hasty consultation in the jury box, at the close of which the foreman rose again.

"Judge," he declared, "we find the defendant not guilty. Howsomer, judge, it 'pears like to us we been trying the wrong man."

## Modest Millions

A young Chicago clerk recently inherited a tidy sum from an uncle who had gone oil prospecting and showed a pardonable elation when the news was brought by his attorney.

"And now," concluded the lawyer, who knew the youth's affairs fairly well. "I venture to say that you will pay off a lot of your debts."

At first I thought I would," replied the young man, "but I've decided to make no change in my manner of living. I don't want to be accused of any vulgar display."

## All in a Nutshell

Elijah Johnson, sage of a small Alabama town, was trying to make clear in the mind of a friend just what constitutes oratory.

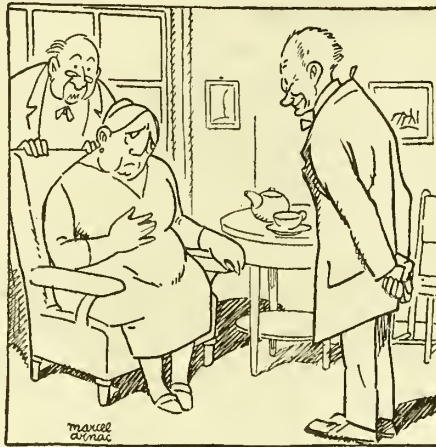
"It's jest like dis," he elucidated. "Ef you says black am white, dat's foolish. But ef you says black AM white, and bellers like a bull and pounds de table with bofe yo' fists, dat am oratory!"

## Double-Barrelled Embarrassment

She was the daughter of a multi-millionaire. He was a visiting English nobleman. At least, that's what they had told each other at the seashore resort. And then, when she discovered that he came from her own modest little mid-West city, she was horrified.

"But," remonstrated the friend who had brought her the evil news, "I can't see why this is so very terrible. You need never see him if you don't care to."

"But I can't very well get out of it," wailed the girl, "since it appears that he's the man who collects the installments on her phonograph."



"Oh, doctor, can't you cure me?"  
"I'm afraid not, madam. Every time I present you with my bill you immediately fall ill again."

## Breaking It Gently

This anecdote illustrates a point in statecraft which need not be raised here.

"Ma," requested a small boy, "kin I have a pencil? I wanna write a letter."  
"You won't need a pencil, dear," she replied. "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with right on the table."

The boy hesitated a minute.  
"Ma," he began again, "don't you think the *Mail* is a good paper?"

"Why, of course I do," she answered in astonishment, "but what—"

"Well, you see," the lad explained, "I want a pencil to write to the editor and ask him what'll take ink stains out of a carpet."

## Business Acumen

Father had invested in a ticket to the merry-go-round for his youthful son and was surprised to see the latter thoughtfully watch the cavorting animals and make no effort to get aboard.

"What's the matter? Don't you like it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the canny youth. "But I was just wondering whether I'd get a longer ride if I had the horse on the inside circle or one of the lions on the outside row."

## A Place for Everything

"I see Bergdoll is now in Switzerland."  
"Yes, the big cheese!"

## Qualified

"What's become of Harry Lipp, our bugler who used to blow fatigue calls on Sundays?"

"He's selling alarm clocks to ex-service men out of a job."

## What Army Was That?

The officer of the day was making his rounds. It's a habit they have.

"Any Special Orders today, sentry?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," dreamily replied Post No. 5, who used to be a restaurant waiter. "Our lamb chops are recommended."

## Pointed

John: "Do you really believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder?"

Louise: "Well, you might try it for a month or two."

## True, True!

"Now, gentlemen," began the professor in the dental school that had been opened in the vocational training area, "what class of persons habitually suffer from acid mouth?"

And the class answered as one man:  
"First sergeants, sir!"

## "But Forgive Us Our Debts—"

The Sunday school teacher asked little Gracie if her parents had any particular prayer for bed-time devotions.

"I'll say so," replied the child.

"Ah," said the teacher, much gratified, "and what is it?"

"Well," explained the innocent little one, "every night papa says in a trembly voice, 'Oh, Lord, when is this woman going to stop trying to bankrupt me?'"

## Suggestions of a Doughboy

*Being the Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War, Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One.*

1. That there don't be any next war.  
(To be continued)

## It Is Difficult

"I'm sorry, madam," said the grocer, "but I haven't any white turkeys. Won't any other kind do?"

"Decidedly not," was the weary answer of Mrs. Newmarrie, who had been hunting the whole morning for a satisfactory holiday bird. "Neither my husband nor myself can eat anything except white meat."

## The Difference

All Optimistic Husbands and Fathers (on December 26, as, with sighs of relief, they view their pocketbooks): "Christmas is past!"

All Pessimistic Husbands and Fathers (on the same date, as, with groans of dread, they view the same): "Christmas is coming!"

## Perfectly Logical

"The wages you demand are very high for a cook who has had no experience, I think."

"That may be, ma'am, but think how much harder it is for me when I don't know anything about it."

## Enough Is Sufficient

"Did you meet many of the nobility while you were in Europe?"

"Not enough to hurt my reputation."

## The Torrid Zone

"You bet it gets pretty cold where I come from," said the man from North Dakota. "I've seen thirty-five below many a time."

"Call that cold?" sneered the man from Minnesota. "Why, where I come from, we put out the fires to save coal when it warms up that much."

## Bearing His Iron Cross

Ruba: "What was Binks all excited about?"

Dub: "He just saw a Marine without a sharpshooter's medal."

## And About

Maud: "How is Charlie since he broke his arm?"

Gertie (meaningly): "Oh, he's able to get around."



## America the Pacemaker

(Continued from page 3)

they were gauging the New World by Old World standards.

It was a man of the New World, free from age-old traditions and prejudices, who forced the appointment of Foch as Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces. That was America at work.

Then came Chateau-Thierry and indisputable testimony, written in blood on the soil of France, that the hard-headed experts and cynical wiseacres of the world were wrong. The American soldier was available for service in a critical spot in the line and ready then, in the early summer of 1918.

There followed the Marne-Vesle, St. Mihiel, the Argonne-Meuse—and victory. When I arrived in France in March, 1918, four green American divisions were there. Not one of them had taken part in any real fighting, nor did the Allied or German officers expect any one of them to take such a part short of a year. Less than nine months later nearly a million Americans had been under fire in one great last battle as parts of one great American Army, and the war was at an end. Only a little over a year and a half after the time I stood at a window and wept at the futility of the parade of women and children and unarmed men down Broadway I stood in the Crown Prince's headquarters in Stenay on the Meuse River, some fifteen minutes after the armistice moment, and around me was a victorious American Army some two million strong, reaching from the battle line to the base ports, with the equivalent of its own strength behind it in the homeland waiting for the call.

Three years from that day I stood in the Arlington Amphitheatre while a bugler blew taps over the body of the Unknown Soldier. I was oppressed by a great sense of the futility of the sacrifice he exemplified when his body was lowered into its last resting place to the thunder of the presidential salute. I felt that he had wrought the miracle but that the victory for which he died had been made of no avail by the men in whose hands he had left the peace so dearly bought. Three years of reporting the work of politicians abroad and at home had wrung from me much of the high pride in America and belief in America's destiny as the savior of civilization, that the business of reporting the work of American fighting men at home and abroad had engendered.

True, on the following day, the representatives of most of the great nations of the world were to meet in Washington in a second attempt to provide for preservation of the peace for which soldiers had made war. But no one who was not on the semi-inside in Washington on that Saturday night following the burial of the Unknown Soldier can ever be made to imagine the atmosphere of pessimistic gloom in which every one moved. Whatever their public expressions may have been there was not a man in Washington that night, of those who are customarily well informed as to what is going on and what is to go on, but who believed that the conference was doomed to utter failure. The delegates from the many countries believed that it would fail. They did not say so for publication, but that is what they actually believed. Veteran correspondents who had been



*Works of the Western Electric Company; the manufacturing department of the Bell System*

## Economical Equipment

Forty years ago the management of the Bell Telephone System organized for a supply of the apparatus which it foresaw would be required in the development of its new industry—telephone service.

The telephone in some countries is the luxury of the rich, but in America it is used by practically all the people. This universal service is due in large measure to foresight in engineering and manufacture.

Switchboards with millions of parts, other apparatus of highest efficiency, and all necessarily of complex and intricate design, cables and wires and a multitude of technical devices enable our country to lead the world in telephone service.

All this telephone equipment is made in a factory which is recognized throughout the world as having the largest production and the highest standards of workmanship and efficiency.

This factory, controlled through stock ownership by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has been for forty years the manufacturing department of the Bell System; with the result that the associated companies secure equipment of the highest development, made of the best materials, produced in accordance with the requirements of the public, and with the certainty of moderate costs.

Economy in the Bell System begins with the manufacture of equipment.

"BELL SYSTEM"

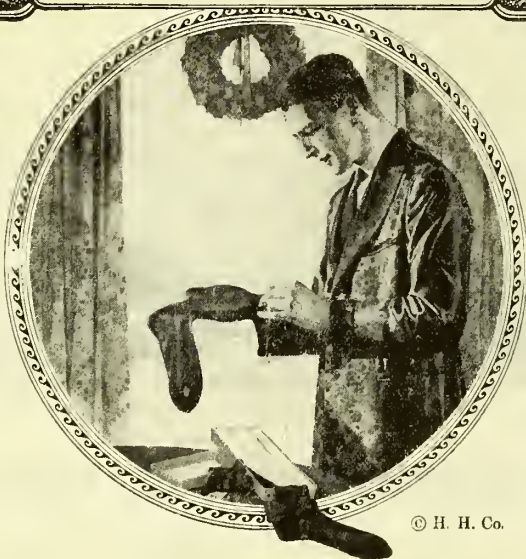
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service*





# Holeproof Hosiery



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## Give your Buddy a Box of Holeproof

Hosiery is one gift that every man welcomes, especially when it is Holeproof, famous for its superior quality, smart style and unmatched durability.

to give Holeproof is to show good judgment—for here is a gift that is as desirable as it is useful. Stores everywhere are offering Silk, Silk Faced, Silk and Wool, and Lisle Holeproof Hosiery for men, packed in attractive Christmas boxes.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
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## THIS GIRL IS A WONDER

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through the mill at Paris looked forward to a dreary grind of gathering uninspiring propaganda slush from cynical governmental publicity agents as to what had happened behind closed doors. It was to be the same old game, played in the same old way with the same old result. It was too bad but it was inevitable. Diplomacy was peculiarly a European game. It had always been played a certain way. It always would be.

The next morning an American stood up in the conference hall and touched off a bomb. The American was Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State. The bomb he exploded was of American make and could not have been set off by any one other than an American. The bomb was a public statement of America's plan for a naval holiday.

It was inconceivable because it was diplomacy and in diplomacy such things have never been done. Never! When the bomb went off interested delegates were sitting low in their chairs smothering yawns. They knew nothing of importance was to be said, for in addition to some 300 newspaper correspondents, representatives of the general public were there. Secretary Hughes, of course, would say something to the effect that he was glad to see them all and that they'd get together in private later and talk matters over. One of the most prominent veteran political writers of Washington was so certain of this that after the President's brief address of welcome he got up and left the hall, not caring to be bored with the meaningless formalities that would inevitably follow.

Then the bomb went off. The explosion literally shook the world. It changed the mind, not only of Washington, but of the entire world from bored pessimism to radiant hope. Tired men who had grown hard and hopeless watching the futile course of world diplomacy over a period of weary years came piling out of the building after the session was over, as volubly enthusiastic as college freshmen following a football victory.

"They're actually going to do something!" That word flashed over Washington like a rushing wind. Wherever one went one found the conviction that the dawn of a new day was clearly visible in the dark sky of world affairs.

What had happened? An American had risen in a typical American meeting in the capital of America and talked a little cold turkey in a typical American way. That was all. It was very little and yet it was everything. It revolutionized the thought of the world within the space of a few minutes, turning certainty of failure into conviction of success; placing Hope high on the throne upon which Despair had ruled.

And this is all that happened: An American talked out in meeting, saying simply in public to the represented nations of the world that America proposed such and such things to lessen the burden of armament expenditures. It was a little thing and yet it was a thing that only an American in America could have done. It broke the hypnotic spell which Old World tradition had cast over Old World diplomats.

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voice could reach those ears because no other national voice can sound a new note.

The American voice can sound a new note because America is a new thing in the world. America is not English or Irish or Scotch; it is not Welsh or French or German; it is not Russian or Italian or Spanish. It is not old and yet it is not new. It has a blood knowledge of all the peoples of Europe and yet a national character and consciousness that is distinct from any European nation.

There are people who charge us with being provincial. We occasionally accuse ourselves of that fault. How absurd! We are the one nation which is not provincial—cannot be. An Englishman is an Englishman. A Frenchman is a Frenchman. An Italian is an Italian. But an American is all of them and yet none of them. America is all the world re-born in a new nation and grown to adult strength in a new land measureably free from the stunting influences of old traditions and hatreds.

America, as a nation, is an example of that which is possible for the world. America stands as proof to the world that national antagonisms are not ineradicable. In America the peoples of the world have met and mingled and become as one. One freely admits that there are scattered fragments of foreign metal which have not blended with the national alloy which is America. But the stubborn elements which will not blend are fragments and that only.

If the peoples of the world can live together successfully as Americans in America they can legitimately be expected to live together successfully as nations in the world. The dream of world peace is no more impossible today than the dream of a successful composite nation, such as America has become, was to the minds of the well informed of 300 years ago.

The word America in the world today is synonymous with Hope. What America has done the world can do. Civilized America, living, is proof that the civilized world can live.

But America must lead—not follow. America must teach—not imitate. For it is beginning to be seen that George Washington was more than the father of a new country. He was the father of a new and sane idea in an old, mad world; an idea that exists today as a promise of civilized life to a bewildered world which has traveled far down the dark, age-worn path that leads to the death of civilization. And the name of that idea is America.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1921.

#### Books Received

**HISTORY OF THE 114TH ARTILLERY.** By Reese Amis, whose present address is The Tennessean, Nashville, Tenn. Benson Printing Co., Nashville.

**AMBULANCE COMPANY 33 IN HISTORY AND RUMOR.** By a staff from the Company, Wilbur M. Walden, Editor. Copies obtainable through F. H. Wilke, 30 Irving Place, New York City.

**SHERIDAN COUNTY (WYOMING) IN THE WORLD WAR.** By J. P. Buschlen. Published by the Mills Printing Company, Sheridan, Wyoming.

**SHELBY COUNTY (ILLINOIS) IN THE WORLD WAR.** By Shelby County War Historians, B. Leslie Davis, Editor. The Review Press, Decatur, Illinois.

**RUSSELL COUNTY (KANSAS) IN THE WAR.** By John E. Wilson, Russell, Kansas, through whom copies are obtainable.

**WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT PARIS.** By Edward Mandell House and Charles Seymour. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



## "Kamerad, Mit Souvenirs!"

**R**EMEMBER the stories the Old-timers used to tell about the 1914 Christmas truce up in Plugstreet Wood, Flanders? How, after six months of hatred and killing, Jerry and Tommy came up out of the ground, to shake hands and trade souvenirs and presents.

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This Christmas we're all back home again; but times are almost as hard as they were in 1914; so why not, like those men, remember to be practical? Why not tell the family and friends to give you things you can use: shirts and socks and ties and underclothing? They, or you, can get every item you want from Wilson Bro's complete line of furnishings; and still have enough francs left for a bit of the bon, illegal vin blanc, too.

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## Pictures Out of the Past

(Continued from page 5)

where, we hear, became "debating clubs" of bitter political differences. In this situation the politicians quickly perceived their opportunity and bent every effort to herd the returned soldiers into rival camps.

The two illustrations from *Harper's Weekly* that accompany this article are tokens of how Union veterans were being exploited for political profit in the year just preceding the Cincinnati meeting. Behold how in Philadelphia the Republican chiefs gathered a convention of Boys in Blue from all over the North and displayed them in a torchlight procession. Behold next how in New York City the following week the Democratic chiefs countered with a "Grand Demonstration of the Democracy," with a general presiding and the soldiers and sailors again in a torchlight parade as the big feature of the show.

These were demonstrations of national interest, but what happened in the larger cities differed only in scale from the sort of thing that was going on in every tiny village. And it wrought havoc in every Grand Army post, big and little, in the land.

Most of the ex-service men who took part in these public spectacles appear to have been the instruments rather than the instigators of the shows; most of them had had their fill of marching in war-time, and these torchlight parades were becoming decidedly a bore. At the same time it was also becoming apparent that popular sentiment was turning against ex-service men as a class, for just this sort of thing—methods too noisy and aggressive on the part of some of the veterans in their efforts "to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services to the country."

Grand Army posts, in those days, sometimes made direct nominations for offices and took no pains to conceal the fact. And even more frequently a majority of the personnel of a post would declare themselves for a candidate not as members of the Grand Army but as a Club of Boys in Blue. To the public this discrimination was frequently a little too fine to appreciate.

Meanwhile, the Democrats began to resign from the Grand Army in droves, for, as one of the veterans expresses it, "they didn't want to be the tail on a Republican kite." Many posts died; all of them dwindled, and it became almost impossible to start new ones.

"Do nothing that has the slightest political complexion." Why? Let the tables of enrollment in the Grand Army give you the answer. They will show you that scheming politicians not only can rip your organization to bits, but that these same plotters can keep your organization in a state of semi-paralysis for a decade after you have taken proper action to piece the bits together and rebuild it.

In Cincinnati in 1869 the committee on resolutions reported to the delegates the following public declaration:

"Resolved, that whatever suspicion of political nature may have heretofore attached to the Grand Army of the Republic as to its being a political organization, we hereby declare it above and independent of all partisan feeling and action, and actuated only by a determination to sustain to the fullest extent the principles so clearly defined in the rules and regulations adopted by the National Encampment, and embracing only the patriotic duties enjoined by charity, fraternity and loyalty to flag and country."

The resolution was adopted by unanimous vote, and the constitution revised accordingly. To the rules and regulations the following paragraph then was added:

"No officer or comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic shall, in any manner, use this organization for partisan purposes, and no discussion of partisan questions shall be permitted at any of its meetings; nor shall any nominations for political offices be made."

Although this wise legislation went into immediate effect, its benefits at first seemed slight; indeed, ten years had to pass before the strayed ex-members who felt that their political principles had been affronted began to return to the fold in large numbers.

But the "insidious wiles of politicians" must not receive the whole blame for thus retarding

the Grand Army's progress in those early days. Another mistake, made in desperation in 1869 and corrected in haste in 1871, was the adoption of a ritual calling for a ranking of the members, somewhat after the fashion of a secret society, into grades. The lowliest of these was that of Recruit, who could not open his mouth in meeting until after two months, when he became a Soldier. Then another six months must pass before he attained the dignity of Veteran.

"Let nothing arise that can disturb your comradeship." Again, the history of the Grand Army can show us what and why.

In addition to the deep disturbances of comradeship by political friction, which took so many years to overcome, the Grand Army had to learn by costly experience to make itself thoroughly democratic. As time went on all members were ranked as free and equal comrades, regardless of their former military titles or previous condition of servitude. But this did not come about until experience—the grade system as the bitterest pill of all—enforced the lesson.

A trustworthy indication of how the land lay, and of why such a blunder as the grade system was ever possible, may be found in this list, the rank of the delegates who answered to the roll

**THE** Grand Army found that the first ten years are the hardest. During the decade immediately following the Civil War, the veterans' organization dwindled from a good start until it became almost extinct. Then it began to grow, and reached its maximum of size and influence in 1890. Mr. Cushing describes this growth in a second article, to appear in next week's issue.

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call of the Grand Army's first convention:

- 39 generals.
- 55 colonels.
- 27 majors.
- 75 captains.
- 22 lieutenants.
- 1 chaplain.
- 18 sergeants.
- 3 privates.

Little wonder that the three buck privates in that assembly, like the recruits in the grade system that was instituted later dared not open their mouths. Time corrected all this. Finally there came a day when privates and drummer boys succeeded generals to the honor of becoming Commander in Chief; and today the Grand Army is as thoroughly democratic as the Legion.

But even as the wiles of politicians checked the progress of the Grand Army in its beginnings, so did the natural distrust of the doughboy arise against a secret organization whose councils appeared so top-heavy with rank. Add to this the fact that thousands of potential recruits to the organization were young men of limited means who were extremely busy in hard times trying to scratch together a living. Then on top of this hear next that many Grand Army posts barred from membership all candidates who could not show that they had seen service in the front line trenches. Do you wonder then that for so many years the mass of veterans of the war remained if not suspicious, at least apathetic, about joining?

Remember, too, that their suspicions were not immediately put at rest when a handful of Grand Army men met in Cincinnati in 1869 and declared the organization "above and independent" of politics. For that convention re-elected John A. Logan, a major general, who also at the time held political office as a Republican Congressman, its Commander in Chief, and made another office holder of the same party, then Governor of Wisconsin, Senior Vice-Commander. Popular as these men were, and able as leaders, they would have been barred from office in the Legion.

And General John A. Logan, member of Congress, was much more conspicuous a figure than that description seems to indicate. He was in fact one of the most famous political orators of his day, and the man who only the year before had placed in nomination, at the national Republican convention in Chicago, the name of Ulysses S. Grant as the Republican candidate for President.

The Grand Army had officially and publicly declared itself out of politics, but many thousands of veterans continued to identify the organization by the looks of things with the policies of the Republican party. Perhaps they were wrong, and that in any event they should have made exceptions in the case of General Grant, who had not disclosed what his politics were until the eleventh hour—but "on the looks of things" they were not much to be blamed. At least, it may seem so to us, who have prudently profited in framing our constitution by the experience of the past.

#### American Legion Addresses

All divisions of National Headquarters, the National Americanism Commission (Alvin M. Owsley, National Director), and The American Legion Auxiliary (Miss Pauline C. Curnick, National Executive Secretary); National Headquarters, Meridian Life Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

National Legislative Committee (Gilbert Bettman, chairman; John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman), Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C.



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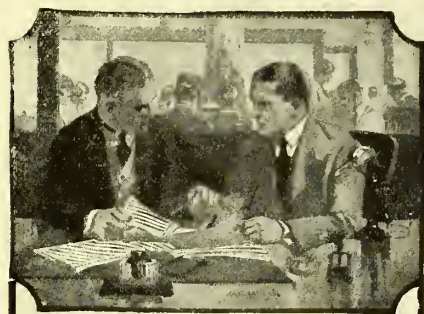
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## Precedents for Compensation

(Continued from page 6)

yearling heifers or steers, in case he should remain in the Army one year, and in like proportion for a shorter time; 20 two-year-old neat cattle in case he should remain two years, and 20 three-year-old neat cattle for the entire three years' service, in each case to be paid at the expiration of term of service."

Let it be argued that these rewards were only given as inducements to enter the service and thus may not properly be compared with the proposed awards under the pending Adjusted Compensation Bill, which would be after-the-war awards, historical accuracy impels the recording of the fact that the veterans of the Revolution also received after the war compensation which is directly comparable to the compensation to which veterans of the World War believe they are entitled.

In 1778, Washington recommended that the Continental Congress pass a law giving officers half pay for life. On August 17, 1779, Congress recommended to the separate States that they pay the officers half pay for life and give proper rewards to soldiers as well. It also recommended that the States give pensions to the widows of soldiers killed in the service. In December, 1782, Congress, in lieu of half pay for life, granted officers full pay for five years and enlisted men full pay for four months.

Careful reading of the preceding paragraph is recommended to those who now oppose on patriotic grounds payment of adjusted compensation to World War veterans. The first American furnished a precedent which confounds the penny-wise patriots of today who think soldiers would be defiled by accepting from their Government money which would no more than recompense them for a part of the losses they sustained by reason of their service.

It should be recorded here that the number of pensioners of the War of the Revolution was 95,753, of whom 32,287 were widows. They received a total of \$65,846,640, and \$15,000,000 additional was paid to the invalids of the War of the Revolution—the disabled men of that war.

Coming to the next American War, we find an unusual record of belated national gratitude. The men who served in the War of 1812 did not receive financial recognition until fifty-six years later. The reason for this is explained in General Upton's book, mentioned before, as follows:

"Partly through the violent opposition to the war, but more especially through the dissatisfaction attending its feeble and disastrous prosecution, the soldiers who fought for the honor of their flag were never able to inspire the respect and affection which were so freely bestowed by the people on the soldiers of the Revolution.

"In 1871, however, the just and natural desire to reward the nation's defenders found expression in the law of February 14, which bestowed a pension upon every survivor who had served sixty days."

Although so tardy in meeting this obligation, the Government tried to make amends by enlarging the benefits

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and increasing the number of beneficiaries, so that the total number of those sharing in benefits up to 1877 was 35,368. The total sum awarded before the century ended to veterans of the War of 1812 was \$45,000,000.

Compensation promised in advance was the rule in the Mexican War of 1846. In that year Congress passed a law providing every soldier, volunteer or regular, who had enlisted for twelve months with a bounty, on receiving an honorable discharge, of 160 acres of land or the equivalent of \$100 in treasury scrip bearing interest at six percent. Soldiers of less than a year's service were given a bounty of forty acres of land or \$25 in scrip. In addition to these bounties, veterans of the Mexican War received as pensions \$33,483,309 in the next fifty-six years.

Legionnaires will see in the optional bounty plan offered Mexican War veterans—either land or treasury certificates—a legitimate precedent for the Legion's plan of optional compensation, which includes not only choice of land or treasury certificates, but other benefits abreast of modern developments.

The Civil War is so comparatively recent that most Americans are familiar with the generous treatment which the nation has extended to its defenders in the way of pension benefits. But the "price on patriotism" opponents of compensation for World War veterans seem to have forgotten that this Government generously and justly offered financial inducements to the men fighting in that war while the war was still being fought. On July 22, 1861, President Lincoln signed the law calling for a half million volunteers. Section 5 of that law specified that upon expiration of his enlistment period the volunteer should receive travel pay, and should receive further, "if he shall have served for a period of two years, or during the war, if sooner ended, the sum of \$100."

The first volunteers of the Civil War were promised their "bonus" when they enlisted. In 1862 Congress passed a law for the raising of 100,000 infantrymen and stipulated that each recruit should receive one month's pay and a bounty of \$25 upon being mustered in.

Toward the end of 1862 the first draft law was put into effect and the governors of the respective States were ordered to cause an enrollment to be made by the assessors in each county of all men between the ages of 18 and 45, giving grounds for exemption, if any. It is a matter of historical record that this first draft law was never executed. Instead, seventy-two regiments of volunteers, credited as drafts and aggregating 87,000 men, were permitted to be raised for the period of nine months. From that time until the end of the war, the system of bounties and hired substitutes was employed.

The Civil War bounties had given proof of public recognition of the justice of compensating the man who bears war's risks and dangers while his neighbors remain at home. That principle has never yet been repudiated by public sentiment in the United States. The efforts of World War veterans to obtain adjusted compensation are not unique in this country's history. On the contrary, they are made upon historical precedents which utterly confound the arguments of those who repeat their shallow sophistry that acceptance of compensation now would constitute a price paid for patriotism.

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## The Who's Who on the New C.-in-C.

(Continued from page 7)

the Union in percent of membership gain in 1921 over 1920.

Besides the remarkable State legislative program and the famous Service and Compensation Drive put over during MacNider's administration as State Commander, two other outstanding features were the German cattle shipment and the attempt of a post to hold a Legion celebration on a day on which Germany celebrates a victory over the French in the Franco-Prussian war.

German farmers in South Dakota shipped a trainload of cattle through Iowa last March, explaining the shipment was to furnish food for starving German babies. Legionnaires at Sioux City and in other towns in northwest Iowa had reason to believe the cattle were going to Germany to be turned over to the French as a part of indemnity payments, and lodged vigorous protests with everybody concerned. This caused intense bitterness between German sympathizers and Legion men, and excitement was at fever pitch for several days. Both sides appealed to Commander MacNider, who, because he was the State Legion leader, was made the target of a flood of scorching letters before he ever issued a statement. He answered several communications, one from a misguided post adjutant who was later canned by his post, with characteristic forcefulness, and then issued a statement on which he stood firmly and told all where to get off. It read:

"Our attitude should be simply that if these cattle, as we are told by Legion men in South Dakota and Western Iowa, are being sent over in order to help Germany pay her indemnity to France, we should protest against it, inasmuch as America should not be contributing toward the help of a country with which we are still at war. If, as these German sympathizers say, this shipment is really being sent over to help the civilian population and the cattle are really used for that purpose, we should not interfere. It was the opinion of Monahan Post of Sioux City, which first brought the matter to our attention, that if these German sympathizers really wished to help the starving children of Europe they should sell these cattle and send the money through regularly constituted agencies already operating for that purpose.

"America seems quick to forget, but we can always be assured that these Germans are not going to pass by any opportunities to spread their propaganda."

Commander MacNider told the post that wanted to celebrate a German victory under the guise of a Legion affair point blank that such action would not be sanctioned by the department. The argument waxed furious for several weeks and posts nearby even threatened to invade the town and stop the celebration by force. The post commander denied all the charges against his post and took Commander MacNider to task in a scathing letter, pleading that he was as good an American citizen as anybody. The Commander replied, in part:

"It has been my experience that when people accused of disloyal motives begin to demand their rights as American citizens they have something to conceal. No one questions your American

citizenship nor your rights as citizens and ex-service men, but we do tell you that the name of The American Legion shall not be used in connection with any affair of which there can be the slightest suspicion of disloyalty or grounds for discredit to the Legion as a whole. The members of your post, whether they believe themselves right or wrong, have no right to cast any shadow over the good name of the organization which comprises in Iowa alone 50,000 ex-service men and women, who are still serving their country as citizens, and intend to see that it stays the way they fought for it to stay—American. The good name of The American Legion is too big and too fine for you to tamper with, and the Department of Iowa does not intend that you shall soil it by any act of even implied disloyalty."

The date of the Legion celebration was changed.

Iowa has no large cities as cities go in the East but has hundreds upon hundreds of small towns and 572 Legion posts in the department. When MacNider was state commander he was flooded with invitations to speak before various posts, and accepted all he possibly could. Bad train connections on branch lines, long drives and long waits in dark stations on bitterly cold nights, miserable hotel accommodations and other inconveniences had no terrors for him. He went night after night, speaking for post after post, shaking hands, cheering the disabled, picking up cases to shoot to headquarters and making countless friends for the Legion among those who were not in the service.

The Commander is an enthusiastic member of La Societe des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux. With J. Ray Files of Fort Dodge, Past Vice Commander Murphy of the Iowa Department, Chaplain Tom Toberts and State Adjutant James F. Barton, he journeyed to Virginia, Minn., last April to take the work. Then they returned to Iowa to pass it on and initiations and organization of voitures in the eleven Congressional districts of Iowa were made a side feature of the Service and Compensation Drive. The Commander frequently led the assaults on the victims in person, marched in the weird parades, fired fusillades from a huge pistol, applied the paddles, gave the "Y" feeds, and made himself generally handy at inflicting all the other forms of torture. Iowa went to Kansas City with the largest 40 and 8 membership in the country. The Commander also helped launch the Auxiliary in Iowa, which had the largest delegation of any State at the national Auxiliary convention.

Commander MacNider is greatly amused over the reports in the newspapers about his being wounded at St. Mihiel. A stray bullet struck him in the hand, knocking him down. The hand was dressed at a first aid station and he went on with his duties. Later in Paris he ran into a bunch of fellows, who had never heard a hostile gun fired, boasting of how they had won the war, so he put on a wound chevron. Some of his friends happened to meet him and raised such a fuss he refused to take the chevron off. Thus the reports.

The only noisier ovation, comparatively, than that given Pershing and Foch by the National Convention, the



writer has ever heard, was the one accorded Commander MacNider when he was state commander of Iowa and mounted to the platform after his absence in France. The Legionnaires, his own buddies, jumped up on their chairs, hurled their hats and coats in the air and cheered like mad for several minutes.

When MacNider's name was being mentioned for national commander, a big Montanan questioned him:

"Some of these guys against you say you ain't got no education; how about it?"

"Well, I had a good chance once," laughed MacNider, "but I fell down on it."

"Where?"

"Harvard."

The Montanan backed off a few steps, squared himself with feet apart and arms akimbo, and looked MacNider over from head to foot.

"Say," he growled, "we're for you, all right, but don't hand us any of that bunk, buddy."

Commander MacNider tells this one on himself. While addressing a huge Legion mass meeting in an Iowa town he remarked that he was a soldier, not an orator.

"Hell," exclaimed a big ex-buck in the rear of the hall, "he wasn't a soldier, he was an adjutant."

This, MacNider says, cured him of using that excuse thereafter.

When MacNider reached Mason City several days after he was elected, he was met by most of the inhabitants of the town and the entire surrounding country. A band played, people yelled and cheered, he was placed at the head of a long parade and escorted to his home. That evening he was the honored guest at a reception which, he says, he appreciated more than any other affair that has been or ever will be held for him because it came from the home folks.

A Danish woman, resident of Mason City and an admirer of the Commander, observed, "Ain't it grand to have the president of the League of Nations right here?"

Among the first things Commander MacNider did after he was elected was to go to his room at the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City and telephone his mother at his home in Mason City. She is the president of The American Legion Auxiliary unit there. His father achieved prominence during the war by his work in charge of Liberty Loan drives in Iowa.

Close friends of Commander MacNider call him "Jack." He does not know how the nickname started, but thinks his father responsible.

For a joke, Legionnaires at Atlantic, Iowa, "arrested" the Commander and several other state officials and locked them in the county jail, then let them out one by one with orders to run through a gantlet composed of 150 husky Iowa vets in double line facing each other, each with a belt in hand to apply to the runner's anatomy as he galloped along. All ran except MacNider. He refused to leave his cell, whereupon it was stormed and he was finally dragged out. Then he put up such a wrestling match, upsetting man after man who got within his reach, that when he had to quit from sheer exhaustion, his comrades decided to let him off and cheered him as he walked through without a belt being raised.

Commander MacNider smokes, shaves

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under the table, back of a door, into a trunk, desk in School, any old place. Big FUN fooling Peddlers, Policemen, Friends. Claphophone lays on your tongue unseen, always ready to use by anyone. Int. Birds, etc. Claphophone with full instructions a set of Secret Writing Tricks, also Magic Mail Tricks, all for 10c, 2 for 20c. (No stamps)  
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himself, is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 163 pounds, has light hair, blue-gray eyes, a fighting jaw and a high, wide forehead, usually wears a gray suit with tan shoes, a white shirt with soft collar, dark tie and crush hat, is fond of theaters, reads omnivorously, wears no jewelry, is a strong believer in the church, is a Rotarian and a member of numerous other civic organizations, is president of a million-dollar investment company and feels that those able to pay taxes for adjusted compensation should be most willing to pay them.

He is a thirty-second degree Mason and a Shriner, is always courteous, but knows how to get mad, will go the limit for a buddy if the buddy will go the same route for him, hates four flushers and mushers, has a good platform speaking voice but does not like to make speeches, has his hair cut seldom because he has so little hair to grow, says the buck privates won the war, says it is the spirit that prompted a man to enter the service that counts rather than the circumstances after his enlistment, writes a legible hand but likes to print and can do it faster than the average man can write, and was one of the first to come out unqualifiedly for adjusted compensation.

He is fond of all kinds of sports, likes music, has toured all over the world both in the hold and up top side, can always give fifty-seven reasons why Iowa, the State of his birth and home, is the best State in the land but likes all the States and prizes his innumerable friends in every one; speaks soldat French fluently, says he is glad, for the sake of the Legion, Franklin D'Olier defeated him for national commander at Minneapolis two years ago, believes in mixing constantly with Legionnaires and all other ex-service men, and is proud of the fact he shook hands with every one of the nearly 800 Legionnaires he led in the unknown soldier's funeral procession at Washington.

## Keeping Step With the Legion

(Continued from page 9)

are up and at 'em all the time. They have done something and they are doing something. If yours is a live post, elect officers who will carry on—maybe the same officers. If the old ones are so good that they should be retained and they want to refuse to run again because of personal business don't listen to them. If yours is a dead post elect new officers—and don't pick duds. The men we elect now are going to be with us throughout the year. They will make, or unmake, their posts.

Like most advice these words are likely to be disregarded by those who need it most. The live posts will carry on. They don't need counsel. The members of a dead post are most likely to be disinterested and apathetic.

If you are a member of a dead post, if you are inclined to be indifferent and apathetic, it's your duty to snap out of it. It's your duty to go to the annual meeting of your post and put over the best men for the job. If your post isn't a live one you can make it a live one by doing your part.

We indicated that the responsibility for the success of a post is on its officers. The responsibility for its officers is on the membership. It gets back to YOU.

## 3 Silk TIES Knit TIES Post Paid

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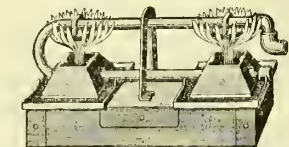
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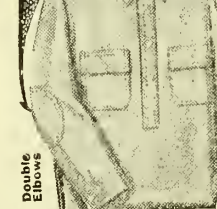


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Besides having one or more for his teeth, every buck carried at least one to use on the old gat.

A bird being borne away on a stretcher would rather have left his wallet behind than his toothbrush.

Shining up on the molars was a clean-cut setting up exercise. A good time was had by all when there was sufficient water for all hands to cleanse the pearly grinders.

And, all mess sergeants please pipe down, it's a fact that when we couldn't get H<sub>2</sub>O to use on the toothpick traps, we used to hie away and brush them with the greaseball's issue of soft drink, sometimes referred to as coffee.

Give a tired buck, just out of the danger zone, some running water, a toothbrush and paste and his morale soared. Take away his molar cutlery and he was down in the mouth, so to speak.

Nowadays we all can have our old reliable toothpaste—Pepsodent—which already carries two service stripes for advertising in our Weekly.

But what are we using it on? How shall we keep 'em white? What we need now is a regular toothbrush.

Forward the five million—what make of toothbrushes did you tote over there—and why?

Brush both ways with the coupon. It is curved to fit the pen, pencil or typewriter.

At our age, nine out of every ten reader-owners of the Weekly should have couponitis.

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YOU'VE DONE BRUSHED YOUR LAST MOLAR!

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Because .....  
Give reason

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I am a dealer and would like to see the following manufacturer advertise with us

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These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Or tell the same thing to

ARMY GOODS	
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"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad. in the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

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V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. VV THE TWO AND VVV THREE STRIPERS ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE VVVV FOUR STRIPERS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," Issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.





# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

*The  
Appreciated Present*

## Waterman's Fountain Pen

THE world-wide reputation of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen suggests it as the perfect present for every member of the family.

In addition to pride of possession, it brings with it years of faithful service that endear it more and more each year.

**Three Types: Regular Safety Self-filling**

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**\$2.50 to \$250**

*Selection and Service at Best Dealers the World Over*

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**L. E. Waterman Company**

**191 Broadway, New York**

**129 So. State Street  
Chicago**

**24 School Street  
Boston**

**17 Stockton Street  
San Francisco**

